Creative, Black and Arab

By Shomit Sirohi

A man is handling the gun in a room, and Mahmoud is shot.

I. Michigan, with Michel Pfeifer

Intense hip-hop music]

[Erzan on the door]

Hold on a minute. What the fuck? I mean that

door, is opened and black friends go in and downstairs Ilaan is with his passport and bag and even formal appearance, smoking a cigarette, and talking on his Paramount mobile phone.

Hold on a f***in' minute!

[Hip-hop music stops suddenly]

[Hip-hop beat from other room]

(Black ladies all collecting in the corridor)

[Ilaan enters the door]

Yo, what the f***? Quit playing with your f***ing self!

Open the door! F***, man. Who the f*** is you, nigga?

Where are you going?

-Backstage. I'm in the audio room.

-You can't.

-I got a stamp on my hand.

-Go around front.

-Man, you just seen me--

-I didn't see nothing.

You just f***ing seen me.

I went to the room. A lot of people were walking in the audio room, and mixing some music.

Ilaan was in fact mixing his side with the rarities. There was Tupac who was smoking in his balcony. A lot of black people and a lot of women and the protesting French news and French rap mixing with the American black people. Philosophers are busy joking with Corniel Wieste who is describing the lyrics in complex ways.

II. At the Car on the Porche

He has a problem with me. That guy there in Iran, and India, he keeps talking black, and we keep making music, and he even writes poems, with Spanish speaking. He means to free us by educationist methods. But in fact I fucked over a man, he expects me to say that. I didn’t. I never in fact

did anything but make music. Some are philosophers, Malcolm X is busy in India walking in Delhi and meeting some people from Africa and talking about freedoms.

Shut up.

He's straight, man. Getting Christian and educated after years of in fact lip synching rap.

-He with you?

-Yeah.

Okay. Cool, Future. But your boy has an attitude problem. Black ladies keep closing the music mixing computer because its too late.

Come on. You're crazy,

Trying to fight the lyrics they say on this album.

The guy's obviously got something against me. I go to the mixing room— Ilaan was talking on the radio to someone.

Rise above that, and make it to Christ.

II.

Hold on, man.

You understood that turn and musical rap up on yourself?

Come here!

Hey, man. A number of women meet the black rappers, and Jay is talking sweetly to them,

as Ilaan is then meeting them all at a porche in Michigan.

DJ IZ:
I know you're ready, man.

CHEDDAR:
Where you goin'?

Jay:
He put on his shirt and trousers and acted cool for them.

CHEDDAR:
Let me see.

JIMMY:
Get the f*** off me.

What are you doing, man?

Come on, it's dealing that music time.

Our clica will be on the map

after you whup some ass tonight.

Me and Janeane broke up.

FUTURE:
What, again?

JIMMY:
I left her the car.

Come on, Mai.

She said she's with a number of processes.

She's gonna need the car

if she's happy.

I'll need a place to crash.

You going to stay at your mum's?

Can I get some f***ing privacy here?

So in fact then the mobilization of a mass protest in Michigan was set off from this point and keeps pressing for the wage, while rappers are busy mixing their music and even moving South to other towns like Florida, and the car is safe and elegant old cars these days after it comes out in the Quran from Ilaan who means in fact that it is about

old cars and apartments, that is all.

Many people wonder what he is saying that he has troubles and nobody meets him, he is alienated and would like to meet. So in fact one day they came to Delhi and met him, and he came to Michigan a few months after.

Tehzeeb then was the number of women, black, white, and Indian and Arab which then is a pretty number of women he is a philosopher with.

A lot of people know Ilaan as working on a computer and distributing pamphlets on Marx and insurrection in 1892, and even processes of God’s violence for the

liberation of Jewish people. We meant we were listening to his speeches all through and some of them cried. That in fact the meaning of history is just to listen to the black people. Just to hear them.

Like that the devout Ilaan begins his morning prayer in Arabic, just a cooler version, where he smokes and drinks

coffee and talks a bit in Arabic slang. It just means we walk into each other aleatorily and talk and that is poetic justice, we do not care about the white racist bullies because we are their master, in that attack we make each day earlier in Indian abuse. In fact Malcolm X is moved in Delhi as white people join them and Indians as well. Just a feeling of

infinity he says at a cheap stall with Buddhist motifs.

Malcolm X is just finding Godard’s Breathless the man who sent us that film, he said this stuff emancipates. He is just all about its Quranic contextualisation with the old Islamic women in Burqa and is having dinner at Meccan places in Delhi.

III. Rap creativity and Ilaan mixing rap and talking in Arabic about a trip to France

All right, come on.

My bad, man.

If
something's gonna happ
en with

this sh*t,
it needs to happen now.

I feel you. I know exactly

what
you're talking about.

All right, come on, man.

How you feeling?

JIMMY:
I feel good.

FUTURE:
You feel good?

FUTURE:
Sure?

JIMMY:
I'm ready.

FUTURE:
Ready, baby. I want to see you

rip that sh*t, all right?

Let these motherfuckers know, man.

It's all you, baby. Three One Third.

[Rapping]
Your lyrics are shitty

like when that cop went a squat

In fact then the process went on all night. A lot of rapping and talking and creative singing. In fact Ilaan was meant to talk about the Cathedral we are in. It was then in one long sentence of Arabic described as – a man can be in Tel Aviv, or Iran’s Tehran or in fact Delhi or Michigan for that matter or Detroit, and on his chance he then went to the strike and is sitting

there and mixing music with some mobile phone Paramount, which takes him to Algiers and even Luanda and then to Paris and finally back to Delhi. It just means that the man just elliptically behaves rap, and is creative. He just resonates with a metaphor – a drift and a walk into a car and then out.

IV. Arabic Lyricism

In fact the Arabic language, Ilaan argues is something like his life. He means how he chose to live it. With black people joining him as he made a lot of journalistic notes for Europe and France especially, even in fact Algeria. He was then in fact at one point studying its forms – it moves to a house and works on papers and

music and closes the old car and stands out and sings a bit which then shifts to talking on the phone and this then is how to make it in life to poverty. Just to be with the poor, and cover it in a jotting in Alenette's reference to the nature of novels and just that process called meditations which he argues joins the rap process to philosophers – just that then is

“Messianic, like a light falling on us, which is evening light.”

V. Long Incidents in Arabic

One can be a man who is then also in a room and mixing music and talking on the computer. One can just be sitting and typing a novel out of copying scripts or novels and

editing it. This freedom is called an incident.

FUTURE:
A lot of hostility at the end

of the 45 seconds. Let me get the mike.

Open up a little bit.

Let everybody see Future.

How y'all feel about Shorty Mike?

[Light applause]

FUTURE:
Kinda mediocre love?

Just
all right for Shorty Mike
?

All right,
what about Papa Doc?

[Cheering and
whistling]

All right, doc,

you go to the next
round.

FUTURE:
Next up is my
man Bunny...

and Lil' Tic.

Come
on, bring it onstage.

We ain't got all day.

All right, enough of the
fanfare.

-Heads or tails?

-Heads.

Tails. Choose.

You first.

Lil' Tic, set it off.

DJ, 45 seconds.

Spin that sh*t.

[Rapping]
I'ma murder this man!

He's the type to lose

A movement then in Arabic again – the process can be about taking out a person a number of women to walk into a house and do a radio show which is also in fact to work on papers for a small

company which is about the radio work and cover this in Arabic and Urdu and even French and Spanish.

It can be then about the process becoming a visit to Luanda for a process of in fact meeting black people and talking about creativity and rap – Angola then is free, they told me at the Embassy.

GREG:
Just like Bob Zurowsky.

All your friends still living

at home, aren't they?

What a bunch of f***ing losers.

JIMMY:
F*** you!

GREG:
What's your problem?

JIMMY:
What's your problem,

b*tch? A lot of people were laughing on the use of the word bitch – it means to contextualise the ghetto and his life over and over again.

Don't kick my clothes!

-Don't f***ing judge me!

-Why don't you grow up!

STEPHANE:
Stop it! Replay it.

JIMMY:
It's him, not me!

I've fought guys bigger t han you.

JIMMY:
F***ing punk.

STEPHANE:
Stop it! Replay it.

JIMMY:
Hey, Lily.

Hey, baby.

What are you still doing up?

You woke me up.

Yeah, I'm sorry, baby.

What'd I do?

JIMMY:
Go back to bed.

LIL Y:
Will you sing to me?

Yeah. Of course I will.
Come on.

JIMMY:
Eminem [Singing] I know this girl

Her name is Lily

And it's past her bed

T-l-M-E

She goes to sleep

And she can just dream

And not have to be

In a stinky trailer with me

So when I feel blue

Don't know what to do

I look at you

And I just say

Good night, baby. Go to sleep.

Part II –

I. In one porche hanging out and speaking about

justice and then over to the house and smoking cigarettes

In fact then the women were all there in the French house which was in Florida, and we were talking about Tehran and its feminist mass politics.

In another scene though Arabic covers us in Rue

181 house of a Arabic old house in Paris where we are recording some music and films and joining it to.

A Parisian life, with black people and with Alain and Alenette, even Slavei which then is about the nature of Cornelien Wieste who is then working among us as a Professor who is busy reading up some

mathematics and this becomes a Idea.

Idea I – women and Ilaan who are smoking in a car and listening to rap, which then is transferred to in fact Paris which is old and Rue like with all the philosophers. How incidents form in a car movement of camera catching him handling a gun for a film, being also ethics for us to

debate about that other process called black rights.

MANHEIN:
You
just started working her e.

Hey, Dutton.

MANNY:
He shittin' me?

JOE LEE:
What?

You late again and
you're fired.

-I'm looking for John
Latourno.

-I can take you.

MANNY:
I don't think so, Smith.

Right this way.

Thank you.

[Some
rock music playing on
radio]

GREG:
[Singing]
Big wheels keep on turnin'

-Who the f*** is that?

-Greg Buehl.

That dude is practically living with my f***ing mum.

They met at bingo.

Wait.

Greg Buehl?

He went to our school, right?

I got to save up some money

and get the hell out of here.

This sh*t is ridiculous.

[Singing]
Well, Jimmy moved in

with his mother

'Cause he ain't got
no place to go

[Singing] Now
I'm right back in the gutter

With a garbage bag

that's full of clothes

Bust it.

[Singing] You live at home in a trailer

What the hell
you gonna do?

[Singing] 'Cause I live at home in a trailer

Mom, I'm coming home to you

Break it down.

[Rapping] My name is Jimmy,

his name's Greg Buehl

Me, him and you

we went to the same school

This ain't cool

I'm in a rage

He's tappin' my mom

We're almost the same age

On the microphone,

tonight.

JIMMY:
Tonight?

FUTURE:
Yeah....

F*** last night.
Okay? Forget it.

What about being straig
ht

with the Lord?

Come on man, it's
Saturday. I can

get straight with him on
Sunday.

[Gangster rap song]

Hey, B, I got these new
beats, man.

You know how much I
like your mum--

Sh*t, I really, really like
your momma, Rabbit.
But she did you no favour
when she left you this car.
F*** you. Get out and walk.

Part III

Idea II – The process of in fact being in a small 24 hour shop and

drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes while laughing on the joke which was being made on the poor whites which were busy spending money on the toilet all over Mcdonalds in New York as its crisis.

All of course then becomes the women all graceful about their meeting and phone call.

A number of jokes then and conversations on a telephone payphone which then was about California and its racism. What makes us humanists then is to understand as the Arabic language says in Ilaan its elipses to the black person as Tehzeeb, in fact a fundamental point being made in a way when you are in France and in the

working class trade union with PCF.

II. In Algeria and in Namibia

In fact then the Arabic language sees them working in a small shop with its cheap calculators and even stationary shops and education happening in a cool school which has a computer and a

photograph of Sartre on it.

III. Round Abouts

In fact then at one point one was in Paris and at another point was in Madrid. And this process was about travelling, just the freedom to live infinitely. Malcolm X meets Ilaan and speaks in an Arabic sentence

about freedom and just this process of being in common.

Part IV. In Michigan

FUTURE:
Three One Third, we in the house.

Mac Mitten's finest.

DJ Iz, let me get that beat, baby.

Give me that beat.

Hip-Hop Shop, baby. Come on.

[DJ Iz beat-boxing]

[Rapping] You forced to listen to

the individual, the metaphysical

The Mac Mitten rhyme ritual

Heterosexual

Syllables sound complex to you

Lines perplexing you

With words that put a hex on you

Snap that neck on you

Murder you, boil you

We keep a white boy or two

Let my man grab the mic

See how Bunny Rabbit do

FUTURE:
Come on, man.

Come on, man.

Kick that sh*t, baby. Come on.

Come on.

Watch that nigga kick this sh*t.

Speed it up a little bit, Iz.

Come on, baby.

All right, look. Yo. Yo.

[Rapping] Your style's generic

Mine's authentic made

I roll like a renegade

You need clinic aid

My
technique's bizarre and
ill

I scar and kill

You were a star until

I served you like a bar
and grill

As I cook and grill ya

That's all it took to kill
ya

You better recognize me

like I look familiar

Want to battle?

You beat around the bush

Like you're scared to lick p*ssy

so you eat around the tush

I need a clown to push

Someone I can bully

Wait, I don't think

you understand fully

Me without style

Is like mustard without Heinz

I lead the new school

You're a Busta without the Rhymes

I'll crush the sh*t out your lines

[Rapping] I'm the Da Sheki

Smokin' da leaky leaky

Ten freaky girls

inside the Chin Tiki

Girl, when you see me,

You better believe me

This ain't a game

And pimpin' ain't easy

Anything goes when
it comes to hoes
I'm the kingpin
when it comes to flows
You better ask someone
if you don't know
When you see me, girl
say "What up, Doe?"
Ten freaky girls
Ten, ten, ten freaky
girls
Sh*t. Look, man.
Listen up now.

Leadaz Of Tha Free World

in the motherfuckin' house.

Me and Papa Doc

will battle any motherfuckers here.

-Yeah.

-Told you they were talkin' sh*t.

-[Whispering] F*** Tha Free World.

-Yeah.

F*** Tha Free World!

F*** Tha Free World?

You Three One Third b*t ches is wack.

Yo, fat-ass!

[Rapping] Talking about your man Sol

I kick you in the chest

Pork chops fall out your a**hole

You cats is p*ssy

Soft like wet flowers

Leadaz Of Tha Free World

Here to smash you cowards

-

[Rapping] I'm getting so sick and tired

of f***ing with this steel

They only give us 30 minutes

to eat lunch and chill

My body aching

just to get a buck

I'm sick of eating sh*t

off this
f***ing lunch truck

Nasty-ass food

I'm in a nasty-ass mood

Should have called in sick

Sh*t, I had somethin' to do!

[Rapping] I
can't believe I'm hearin'

all this ravin' and rantin'

From Vanessa up here

at New Detroit Stampin'

Need to get your food

and take your ass back to work

You're dreamin' if you think

them corny-ass raps'll work

Look at y'all standin' here

freezing like dumb-fucks

Rappin' and waitin' for food

off this raggedy lunch truck

Who want what?

Who pumped up to
get rolled up?

I
spit venom in every dire
ction

Soak some up

Look at this fat-ass
nigga

Sloppy sucka

You a ugly motherf***er

Your pops should've
wore a rubber

Stop rhyming

Keep your day job, Vanessa

Next time leave that bullshit

home on the dresser

Speakin' of dresses

Take a look at Paul the fruitcake

When you travel

you pack panties in your suitcase

Made out of lace

from Victoria's Secret

If 10 men came in a cup,

you'd probably drink it

[Rapping] Okay, folks

Enough with the gay jokes

Especially from a gay,

broke b*tch yourself

Eh, loc?

His style's doo-doo

You've worked here longer than me

and I get paid more than you do

Dawg, take a seat

Why's this
guy standing in line?

Part V – Taking
Interstate Buses in
Delhi, Michigan, Florida
and Paris, even Madrid

And in fact then in
Arabic again Ilaan is
with women, a number
of women and Natalia,

and even Halleine and finally Claire and Jennie and Marine all of them with Indian women are all in fact walking in a long line to catch a film – it is just the projector being made a construction in a house which is then a architectural wonder of some type of phone making process as it is called by a American capitalist – just take the phone and play games

on it – that then if seen in Arabic we add is the future of that phone and from there build a story.

And many of us were on the phone and talking – we were listening to music on headphones in France.

.

Many people on buses and interstates, all walking the 8 mile. A

man is cleaning out the drinks and even drinking in the early morning, and taking out the trash.

Finale

Mahmoud and Ilaan are running into a bus and getting into it, somehow a car is following them.

Belano then is waiting at a bus stop in Mexico,

he is waiting for Ilaan and Mahmoud.

A few days later they meet.
1989 – Mexico City

Many people were walking as Lorcan.

2019 – Mexico City

Mass protests and demonstrations in Mexico – and poets

smoking in a Maoist group.